But if blacke ſcandall or ſo foule fac't reproach
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire thereof.
May. God bleſſe your Grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buc. Then I ſalute you with this kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
May. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Couſen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutcheſſe of Yorke, Marques Dorſet at one doore, Dutcheſſe of Gloceſter at another doore.

Dut. Who meetes vs heere, my Neece *Plantagenet*?
Qu. Siſter well met, whither away ſo faſt?
Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe,
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind ſiſter thankes, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit him,
The King hath ſtraightly charged the contrary.
Qu. The King? why, who's that?
Lieu. I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he ſet bounds betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will ſee them.
Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:

Then

Then feare not thou. Ile beare th
And take thy office form thee on
Lieu. I doe beſeech your Graces
I am bound by oath, I may not d

Enter Lord Stand

Stan. Let me but meete your La
And Ile ſalute your Grace of *York*
And reuerent looker on, of two fa
Come Madam, you muſt goe with
There to be crowned *Richards* ro
Qu. O cut my lace in ſunder, th
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, o
With this dead liking newes.
Dor. Madam, haue comfort, ho
Qu. O Dorſet, ſpeake not to m
Death and deſtruction dogge th
Thy mothers name is ominous t
If thou wilt ouerſtrip death, goe
And liue with *Richmond* from rhe
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this
Leaſt thou increaſe the number
And make me die the thrall of M
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this yo
Take all the ſwift aduantage of t
You ſhall haue letters from me to
To meete you on the way and w
Be not taken tardie, by vnwiſe de
Dut. Yor. O ill diſpearſing wind
O my accurſed wombe, the bed o
A Cokatrice haſt thou hatcht to
Whoſe vnauoyded eye is murthe
Stan. Come Madam, I in all haſ
Dutch. And I in all vnwillingn
I would to God that the incluſiue
Of golden mettall that muſt rou
Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me
Annoynted let me be with deadly
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſa

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)